

Charge of the Goddess

BY DOREEN VALIENTE

Listen to the words of the Great Mother, who was of old also called Artemis; Astarte; D
Melusine; Aphrodite; Cerridwen; Dana; Arianrhod; Isis; Bride; and by many other names.

Whenever ye have need of anything, once in a month, and better it be when the Moon be full,
then ye shall assemble in some secret place and adore the spirit of me, who am Queen of
all Witcheries.

There shall ye assemble, ye who are fain to learn all sorcery, yet have not yet won its deepest
secrets: to these will I teach things that are yet unknown.

And ye shall be free from slavery; and as a sign that ye are really free, ye shall be naked in your
rites; and ye shall dance, sing, feast, make music and love, all in my praise.

For mine is the ecstasy of the spirit and mine also is joy on earth; for my Law is Love unto
all Beings.

Keep pure your highest ideal; strive ever toward it; let naught stop you or turn you aside.

For mine is the secret door which opens upon the Land of Youth; and mine is the Cup of the
Wine of Life, and the Cauldron of Cerridwen, which is the Holy Grail of Immortality.

I am the Gracious Goddess, who gives the gift of joy unto the heart. Upon earth, I give the
knowledge of the spirit eternal; and beyond death, I give peace, and freedom, and reunion with
those who have gone before. Nor do I demand sacrifice, for behold I am the Mother of All
Living, and my love is poured out upon the earth.

Hear ye the words of the Star Goddess, she in the dust of whose feet are the hosts of heaven;
whose body encircleth the Universe; I, who am the beauty of the green earth, and the white
Moon among the stars, and the mystery of the waters, and the heart's desire, call unto thy
soul. Arise and come unto me.

For I am the Soul of Nature, who giveth life to the universe; from me all things proceed, and
unto me must all things return; and before my face, beloved of gods and mortals, thine inmost
divine self shall be unfolded in the rapture of infinite joy.

Let my worship be within the heart that rejoiceth, for behold: all acts of love and pleasure are
my rituals. And therefore let there be beauty and strength, power and compassion, honour and
humility, mirth and reverence within you.

And thou who thinkest to seek for me, know thy seeking and yearning shall avail thee not,
unless thou know this mystery: that if that which thou seekest thou findest not within thee,
thou wilt never find it without thee.

For behold, I have been with thee from the beginning; and I am that which is attained at the
end of desire.

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The Wiccan Rede

An it Harm None, Do What Ye Will.

Hear now the words of the Witches,
The secrets we hid in the night,
When dark was our destiny's pathway,
That now we bring forth into light.

Mysterious water and fire,
The Earth and the wide-ranging air,
By hidden quintessence we know them,
And will and keep silent and dare.

The birth and rebirth of all nature,
The passing of winter and spring,
We share with the life universal,
Rejoice in the magical ring.

Four times in the year the Great Sabbat
Returns, and the witches are seen
At Lammas and Candlemas dancing,
On May Eve and old Hallowe'en.

When day-time and night-time are equal,
When sun is at greatest and least,
The four Lesser Sabbats are summoned,
Again witches gather in feast.

Thirteen silver moons in a year are,
Thirteen is the covens array.
Thirteen times as Esbat make merry,
For each golden year and a day.

The power was passed down the ages,
Each time between woman and man,
Each century unto the other,
Ere time and the ages began.

When drawn is the magical circle,
By sword or athame or power,
Its compass between the two worlds lies,
In Land of the Shades for that hour.

The world has no right then to know it,
And world of beyond will tell naught,
The oldest of Gods are invoked there,
The Great Work of magic is wrought.

For two are the mystical pillars,
That stand at the gate of the shrine,
And two are the powers of nature,
The forms and the forces divine.

The dark and the light in succession,
The opposites each unto each,
Shown forth as a God and a Goddess,
Of this did our ancestors teach.

By night he's the wild wind's rider,
The Horn'd One, the Lord of the Shades.
By day he's the King of the Woodland,
The dweller in green forest glades.

She is youthful or old as she pleases,
She sails the torn clouds in her barque,
The bright silver lady of midnight,
The crone who weaves spells in the dark.

The master and mistress of magic,
They dwell in the deeps of the mind,
Immortal and ever-renewing,
With power to free or to bind.

So drink the good wine to the Old Gods,
And dance and make love in their praise,
Til Elphame's fair land shall receive us
In peace at the end of our days.

An Do What You Will be the challenge,
So be it in Love that harms none,
For this is our only commandment,
By Magic of old, be it done!

Eight words the Witches' Creed fulfil:
If it harms none, do what you will!

-- [Doreen Valiente](#)

Temple of the Twilight Goddess

Merry Meet! What can I help you with?

I have a question

No, thanks

